

GENE AUTRY  
COMICS

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in  
WHEN  
GUN HANDS  
MEET!

A LETTER,  
WRITTEN  
A MONTH AGO,  
FINALLY  
CATCHES UP  
WITH GENE...

"IT'S FROM MY OLD HOME,  
SAN VICTOR OF THE CROSSBOW.  
HMM... SAYS IT. THE  
COUNTRY COULD USE SOME  
GOOD WESTERN HEROES I SEEKS  
LIKE GOOD COMPANION  
BOBBY BARRETT  
THERE DAYS THAN  
WHEN YOU WERE  
POSTMAN OF  
THE CROSSBOW..."

BOBBY  
BARRETT

"...MY DAUGHTER, MARY ANN, WHO HAS  
A BEAUTIFUL-FACED HED OF TEN WHEN  
YOU LAST SAW HER, WENT EAST TO  
SCHOOL. EIGHT AFTER HER MAMMA  
DIED ALONE IN THE BIG HOUSE IN DODGE  
IN KAN. WHEN YOUNG MARY ANN  
AND COME UNDER AN AULLER!  
YOUR OLD BOSS, SAN VICTOR!"

"HANDS ACHE BADLY... COME UNDEE  
AN ALIAS!" THAT'S OLD SAN VICTOR OF  
THE CROSSBOW IN BAD TROUBLE. AM  
HOPING I CAN HELP! BUT IT WAS A  
MONTH AGO HE WROTE THE LETTER!"



"WE MIGHT BE TOO LATE, CHAMP,  
BUT WHERE HEAVEN FOR THEM  
SLEEP TOWN AND THE OLD  
CROSSBOW... RIGHT NOW!"



"THREE DAYS LATER..."

"MAYBE LATER, CHAMP... AM I  
DECISION WE'D RATHER BE  
ON THE HORSEBACK... BOTH  
OF US? BUT YOU  
FIRST, AND A  
GOOD RUN DOWN!"





AN THE SAME GOES  
FOR YOU GENTLEMAN!  
SIT DOWN... WITH  
YOUR BACKS TO ME!

DO YOU KNOW WHO YOU  
ARE, MISTER? MR. CAL  
GUTHRIE, THE MAN WHO  
LIVES THIS TOWN!

THANKS FOR TELLING  
ME... MR. CAL GUTHRIE.  
APOLLOGIES TO THE LADY  
YOU INSULTED... BEFORE  
I SALT OFF YOUR BUTT!

LIN... AHHH  
I'LL KILL YOU!  
LEAVE ME! BLAST YOU!

NOW SITTE, YOU HOGS  
OUT THE DOOR! ALL OF YOU!

ALL RIGHT, HERE...  
YOU GO!

CATCH HIM... ANY WAY!

YOU... DANCE TO MY TUNE  
BEFORE THIS DAY IS UP!

YAMBOY!

CAFF

IS MY STEAK BEEFY,  
POUND & I'VE GOT A  
REAL APPETITE  
NOW!

YOUR STEAK?  
I T FORGOT ALL  
ABOUT IT, HISTER...

...SHHH SILENT!  
AND PLEASE  
LEAVE OUT  
THE RUMBLE,  
MAN!

...EATIN', I'LL COOK THE  
STEAK FOR YOU! I'LL FIX  
YOU ALL THE STEAKS  
YOU CAN EAT... ON THE  
TOMORROW YOU FEED  
HILARIO ROSE OUT OF A  
TIGHT SHOT! AN ELEMENT  
EVERY HONEST MAN IN TOWN  
SHOULD WOULD  
LIKE TO DO!



SHE'S HOW YOU LOOK NERVOUS,  
WHAT'S SO SCARY ABOUT  
EVERYTHING I SHOULD  
KNOW?

VICKI PUTNAM'S  
THE KIND THAT  
WANTS EVERYTHING  
HE'S HAD YOU TELL  
HERS HAS YOU TELLED!

TELL ME MORE ABOUT  
HOW SHE'S AND IF YOU  
SON TALK HAD A CUP  
OF COFFEE WITH HER!

HELL... SHE  
RIGHT!



WHAT DOES THE  
PUTNAM DO FOR  
A LIVIN'...  
BECOME'S RANCH  
A HUNTER OF  
HIMSELF?

HE GRABS RANCH  
LAND... ELVIS MORTGAGES  
AND FORECLOSES ON  
RANCHERS WHO CAN'T  
PAY UP... THOSE WANT  
THE HEATED... ELVIS  
BEEN WORKING IN  
TEN SLEEP FOR ONLY  
THREE WEEKS!

UP TO NOW, HE'S GRABBED THREE OF  
THE ELVIS RANCHES CLOSEST TO TOWN...  
ONLY SAM WIGGINS AND JOHNNY NEILSON  
HAVE STOOD HIM OFF... AND NOW SAM  
WIGGINS HAS DISAPPEARED!



WOMAN HAS  
DISAPPOINTED  
MEN IN  
AND NOW?

IT WAS A MONTH AGO!  
A HORSE CAME  
BACK WITHOUT HIM.  
THEY SAY EVERYBODY  
THINKS THAT GUY  
IS OUTRAGED...

EXCUSE ME, PLEASE,  
I JUST REMEMBERED  
SOMETHING...



LATER, AT THE NORTH END OF TOWN...

REUNION HAD NEVER BEEN BETTER!  
HAD AN HOUR! RAYNER & GUNNED  
WALKING AROUND THE VILLAGE LADY...  
BUT THESE WERE TRADES IN  
HORSES... HAD ONE... HAD IT THERE'S  
A HORSE...



HORSE, MISS BOYD!  
MIGHTY GLAD YOU  
CAME... WHICH  
WALLACE, HIS  
EYES!

HI, MELISSA!  
NORTH, TO THE CROSSING!  
AND PLEASE LEAVE  
OFF THE HORSE!



WE LOST MY FATHERLESS, BUT IN THE SAME BOSSY WOOD THAT YOU USED TO TOTE AROUND THE CEDAR'S RANCH WOOD ON YOUR SHOULDERS, THEM THEY HAD SOME ACTIVITY!



I GOT THE MONTH-OLD LETTER FROM YOUR DAD. THOSE BOYS AND AND CAME HERE AS EASY AS E GADS. WHAT YOU GOT ANY OTHER AS TO WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

NOTHING DEFINITE! THAT'S BEEN ON WORK AND AT THE RESTAURANT AS MUCH HARDY!



YOU FIGURED HE GOT SHOT DOWN IN A BATTLE FOR HOME, BUT THEN, I HADN'T CHANGED SO MUCH -- AN' THE REST OF YOU ALL BEEN BACK EAST IN SCHOOL SINCE TURNED ME OFF THE TEACH!



DAD NEVER WROTE ABOUT HIS TROUBLES... MY FIRST WARNING CAME AS A WIRE FROM JOHNNY NELSON, A NEIGHBOR OF MINE. NOT... THE TELEGRAM SAID "YOUR FATHER WAS KILLED... DANGEROUS FOR YOU TO COME HOME NOW, WAIT FOR LETTER". BUT I COULDN'T WAIT. PRETENDED TO JOHNNY NELSON, BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW THE BAH HOOHES PRACTICAL HOBBOY DOES BUT YOU GIVE!



LOOK THERE! DEAD CATTLES!

THAT'S ONE THING I WANTED TO SHOW YOU!



WELL, WITH SO SICKED EAST LUCK! AN' ALL OF THEM VARIOUS' A FEATHERED BRAIN! WHO BURNS THAT DEAD, BOSS!

JOHNNY NELSON DOES THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU!





IT COULD MEAN THAT SOMEBODY HAS A GRUDGE AGAINST JOHNNY OR THAT SOMEBODY WANTS THE PUBLIC TO BELIEVE THAT A CERTAIN BREED OF HORSES HAVE CAUSED 'EM HARM EACH OTHER.

AND I WANT YOU GONE TO TELL ME!



A CERTAIN BREED ANYBODY HAS ROBBED HIS CATTLE... AND SPENT AN AFTERNOON? HMM THHN,  
COME SOUTH, MA, BE FINE!  
THERE'S A HORSE  
CHASING MY JOHNNY  
WITH MOTIVE  
SUFFICIENT!

LIKE FOR  
INSTANCE,  
THE MURDER  
OF MY DAD!



WE BEEN FIGHTIN' THOUGHT THOUGHT  
ABOUT TRYIN' TO MAKE MYSELF  
BELIEVE THAT DADDY STILL ALIVE  
BUT IF DEE RUTHAN COULD KILL HIM  
AND HATE IT ON JOHNNY,  
HE'D BE ABLE TO BRAKE BOTH  
RANCHES!



THAT'S WHAT I WAS DOIN'  
AT, RUTHAN BUT IT DON'T  
MEAN YOUR DAD DON'T  
ALIVE... NOT FOR  
CERTAIN

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND!



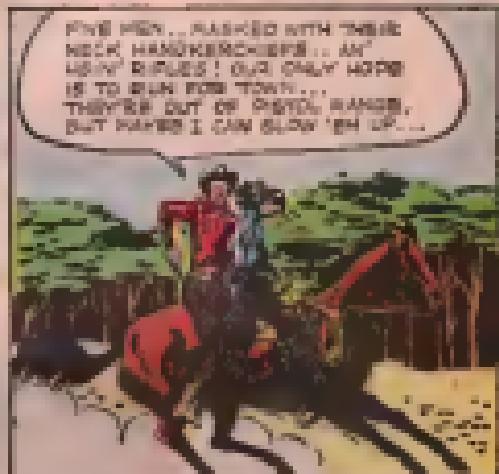
THOSE COWBOYS DIED WITHIN  
A WEEK... IN SAM YODER,  
DISAPPEARED OVER A  
MONTH AGO!



IF RUTHAN AND HIS FRIENDS ARE READING  
BOTH THESE FACTS,  
PURPLE MAY BE  
PLANNED NOT TO  
KILL SAM YODER.  
BUT RUTHAN IS  
TENDED TO BRAKE  
JOHNNY THE  
HORSEMAN!

HORSE JUST  
TRYING TO  
GIVE ME HOME,  
GONE...







AN' TELL YOU, MOUNTAIN,  
WE BAND OUT OUR  
WINGS WITH THEM...  
TO TAKE CARE OF ALL  
THE COWBOYS STEERS  
WT DUE DRY STOCK  
BESIDES YET!

YOU HEAR WOODS  
HANDS HAVE QUIT,  
WHY THEY'VE I TOLD  
FONDA EXPECTIN'  
THAT!



DON'T ANYBODY MAKE A WRONG MOVE! I'M ARRESTIN' THE GENT WITH THE WHITE HAT FOR ASSAULT AND BATTERY!



YOU KNOW THIS GUY WITH THE ASTILLERY WHITEY!



SHIFT UP, LADIES! OR I'LL PULL YOU OUT TOO! NOW TURN, PUT UP YOUR HANDS, MISTER!

DOWN IS THE HARSH WARREN'S YOUR WARANT, SHERIFF?

MY WARANTS IN MY HANDS! REACH HIGH AND STEP ALONG OR I'LL HANNA DRILL YOU ...



YEAH!



RECENTLY ARRESTED! THAT'S GOIN' TO COKE YOUR COKE ALL THE TIME! BELIEVE ME, SHERIFF! EVERY PLAN WITH ME IS A DISASTER, SO COME ON, MAN, DON'T HELP YOU!

THAT'S AINT GONNA BE NO GUN FIGHT IN THIS RESTAURANT ... NOT UNLESS MY HEROES GOT TOO JUMPY AND SET OFF THESE HERE HAND TORPEDOES!



HIT MEARS IT, ABOUT  
THESE HOG TROUBLES!  
THE DOGMAHES HOG!  
GET DATA HERE! GUTA  
MY BART!

YEH THAT'S RIGHTEOUS  
HOG HAS SHELLS OF  
GUT-HOG, THEY CAN'T  
LEAVE GET DATA HERE!

OH I HOPE THING THE  
LAST OF THEM... YEAH!



ISN'T THIS ANTHUM IS AS SHOTTY  
AS A T'W HOG, I'M SO SCARED I  
MIGHT SHOOT SOMEBODY THAT I  
NEVER BOUGHT NO SHELLS FOR IT!

EEH-YAH! THESE  
ARE SOME SWEET  
STEAK!

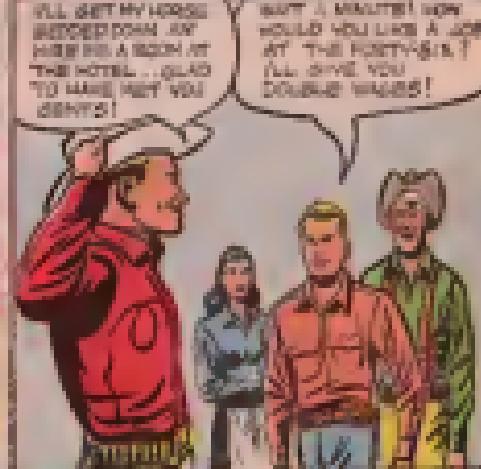


I'M NOT THINKIN' SORRY,  
BUT I TALKED THE LAST  
TWO STEAKS IN THE HOUSE!  
HOW 'BOUT SOME HAM?

MOT MORIAMI  
THANKS A LIL'  
"THE SAME!"  
THE BLOGGHT  
THOUGHT  
THOUGH TROUBLE  
HEART, FOGON

I'LL SHIT MY HOG  
BEDDED DOWN AND  
HIRE ME A ROOM AT  
THE HOTEL... GLAD  
TO HAVE MET YOU  
GENTS!

WAIT A MINUTE! HOW  
WOULD YOU LIKE A JOB  
AT THE HOTEL-SAT?  
I'LL GIVE YOU  
COUPLE HACES!



I KNOW YOU'LL BE  
BARE THROUGH IN TONIGHT,  
JOHNNY. YOU SEE, IF  
PUTNAM COULD HAVE US  
INTERFERED FROM SELLING  
NO TRAINS WITH NEWS  
ABOUT THE COWBOYS  
WHO WOULD HAVE PUTNAM...

...HE'S GOT  
NOTHIN' TO PAY  
INTERFERING WITH ME!  
I THINK YOU'RE  
A SOFT-SHAKER....  
AS LONG AS  
MOSCOW GUARDS  
IN THESE WOODS!

SO LONG, SWEETIE! I'M SORRY  
SALAD VOLUNTEER DON'T SEE  
NO USE FOR JOHNNY HOLLOWAY.  
BUT FROM NOW ON PUTNAM  
GUNMAN WILL BE COMIN'  
ON YOUR TRAIL!

I'LL BE  
RETURNIN'  
FOR THEM,  
SWEETIE!



SO IT'S ALL  
LAND THAT  
PUTNAM IS  
SELLIN' HIGH  
FOR HIGH  
GEESE!

THERE'S A LOT  
ON THE GROUND  
I DON'T THINK  
HOLLOWAY WANTS  
VOLUNTEERS  
TO HARBOR RANCHES

AN' NOT FOR  
OUR REAS, BY  
WHICH I MEAN;  
VOLUNTEERS DON'  
WANT TO BE SWAMPED  
WITH THE COWBOYS

WHAT MADE  
YOU THINK  
VOLUNTEERS SWAMP  
ON PUTNAM?

SELL PUTNAM'S GUN  
VOLUNTEERS BOILED OFF  
SOME OF HOLLOWAY'S GEAR  
ONE NIGHT AGO. THEN  
THEY BREWED SOMETHIN' NEW TO  
MAKE THEM SELL CHEAP...  
BUT VOLUNTEERS DON'T WANT  
TO SWAMP. HE SWAPS SWAMPIN'  
OUT, AND THAT'S IT!



HERE'S HOME, JANE!  
IT'S AN AWESOME  
DUNSTON!

COME ON IN! I HADLY  
BED THE HORSES  
DOWN! I'LL SHOW YOU  
WHERE TO SLEEP!

THANKS, JOHNNY!  
I COULD USE  
SOME SLEEP-TIME  
RIGHT NOW!



HERE'S AN EXTRA  
BILKERT-JEWE  
NIGHTS AND COOL  
THIS BEADON!

THINKIN' JOHNNY?  
WHAT DO YOU THINK  
OF WHITEHORN'S ACTION.  
THAT SAM VODDEN  
DID UNQUOTE IN  
ORDER TO GET YOU?

IT COULD BE JOHNNY! BUT I DOUT IT!  
I THINK BUTTRAM AND SAM WOULD  
MURDERED BECAUSE SAM  
LEARNED ABOUT THE OIL ON  
THE LAND. HUH... SAM COULD  
SELL TO MINEST OIL  
FOR A PRICE  
THAT BUTTRAM  
COULDN'T OFFER.

NEXT MORNING, JOHNNY MELTON INTRODUCES  
HIS COMPANIES...

BETTY, GIVE ME JIM... I WANT  
YOU TO TAKE YOUR INFUSION  
WATCH THE WATER POLES AND  
SALT LINES ON PROPERTY LAND  
BUTTRAM MAN TRY TO POISON 'EM!

MATTEN, YOU TAKE SAM'S DAIRY COWS  
TO THE CRACK - N' BENDIN' JAY MILES.  
BUTTE VODDEN'S BUSINESS ACCOUNT  
DRAGGIN' TOO HEAVY. BELIEVE ME,  
BUTTRAM MAN ISN'T GOIN' TO GET AN OPA  
TO STAMPEDE 'EM OVER THE  
CRACK-OFF!

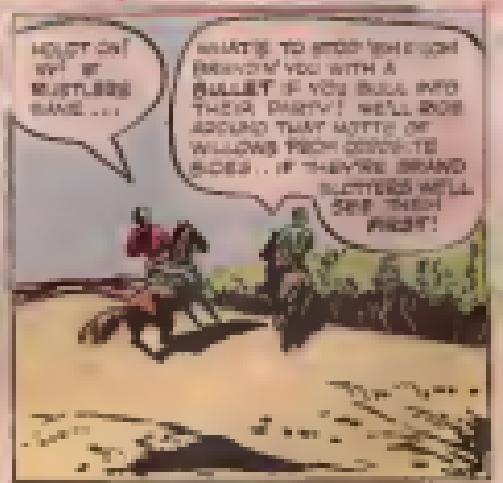
YOU'D BETTER  
WATCH OUT,

IT'S SURE WEIRD HOW  
CAN YOU JOHNNY TO TAKE  
CARE OF VODDEN'S SPICE AD.  
RECENTLY THAT HE'S POSSIBLY  
DEAD. CAN YOU DON'T KNOW  
HE DAWNTIME FROM EVER!

GIVE UP  
HATE HIMSELF  
IF I DON'T  
DO IT!

I AM TO HEAD TOWARD THIS  
MORNING AND SEND HER A  
TELEGRAM AND MAYBE SHE CAN  
DID UP AN EIGHTEEN RUMBER  
FOR HER FATHER'S LAND AND  
GET WHAT IT'S WORTH!





"WELL DEM INDIANS HAD TO  
BUNCH UP TONIGHT, AN' THEY 'EM  
CLEAN!"



"MAYBE HART TAN  
BY SISTER! SHEAK  
HE'S GOT AN'  
UNIVERSITY TAN, SOMT!"

"IT TAKES A LONG  
TIME FOR A HORSE TO  
GET THROUGH THOSE  
HILLS, WINTER! DO  
YOU KNOW ANYONE OF  
THOSE BOYS?"



"WELL I'VE SEEN 'EM RIDE ON  
INTO THE MOUNTAINS NOW  
WE TAKE A LOOK AT  
THEM HORSES!"



"HURRAH! HORSES DIED YESTERDAY!  
THEY WERE CHASING AN  
OLD BREEDIN' HORSE  
DOWN INTO A ROTTENNECK!  
THAT'S JOURNALISM!"

"WELL! AND THIS  
BREAKDOWN  
AROUND BAND  
PUTNAM'S?  
BY GOSH, AN'  
YOU DON'T LAK  
FOR GRABECKY  
TO HURT 'EM  
HORSES! WE  
DON'T WANT  
FIGHTERS,  
WE DON'T!"



"REACH FOR A CLOSER, YOU  
IDIOTS—CHANGIN' HEADQUARTERS!  
YOU'VE CAUGHT AN'  
OVERDOSE!"

"WHEEEEEE!"



"I'M THINKIN'  
WE WOULD NEED A  
TRAP, HERE!"

"WITH BOTH FEET, RUMBLEY!  
JUST THE WAY DEL  
PUTNAM PLANNED IT!"



THAT SPITBROOK, WHEELESS, ACCORDIAN BOY PUPPIES,  
BROOKS HIS CATTLE INTO THE TOWN OFTEN  
SAYS IT...

WELL, BUBBLES, THE LAMB CAUGHT TWO OF  
MULE COOK STEALIN' BOW COWBOYS... WELL  
HAVE THE OTHERS IN JAIL, PRETTY SOON! HAH!



TEN SLEEP IS GOIN' TO THE DANCE FEST  
PALE, WHERE THEY BREAK A MAN  
LASSO RATTIN' LARSON FEET BLASTIN'  
I GOT A MIND TO SELL MY LIVERY  
STABLE AT CLEAR OUT!

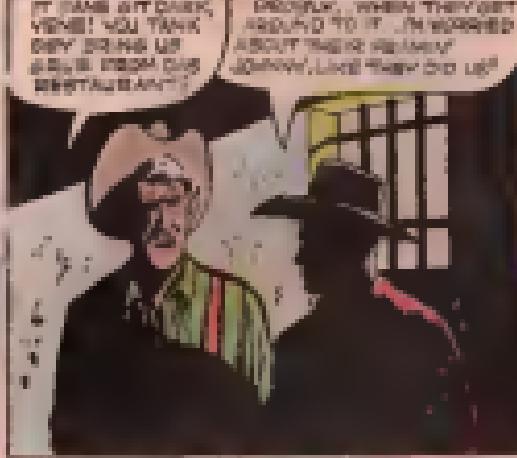


WHY SHOULD I DO THIS?  
JEWTH AND I CAN'T WAIT  
TO IT!

LEND ME A GUN...  
AND SAY NOTHIN'  
TO ANYBODY!



IT'S GONE BUT DON'T  
WORRY! YOU TALK  
SAY WE'RE US  
GONE FROM THE  
RESTAURANT!



ACROSS THE RIVER COMING? ITS 345.  
CROUCH PYTHIAN ON THE EAST COAST  
AN' AN' ROSE!  
WIT' SOME  
BLUES?



IT'S A SHAME!  
YOU CAN'T FEED  
POTATOES ON  
JUST SOUP!

THEY DON'T BE DOWN  
DAY HAD TO WORK TILL  
THEY STRETCH ROSE'  
HAW! HAW!



HERE'S YOUR BRAND-BLOTTIN' HEROES,  
ROGUE, WE TRYING THESE SUMMER  
LIVE TIME COMPROMISES IN A CAFE!  
TOO BAD WE CAN'T LEAVE YOU TO  
VIST WITH THE GLOWE BUT THESE  
DANGEROUS CHAMPIONESS HAD TO...

THE ROAD IS FOR YOU,  
YOU COYOTE!



AND THE GOT THEM BULLETS  
FOR YOUR DANGER, ROGUE,  
IF YOU DON'T PLAY PRETTY  
GUITAR! HUMPH! TAKE THESE  
GUNS!

IT'S  
NOT  
A  
CAMP

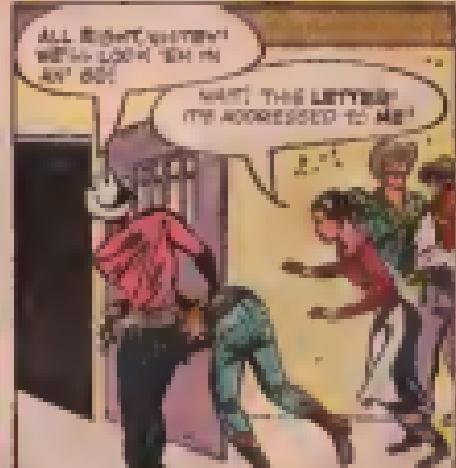
ALL HAVE BEEN  
BORN WHEN YOU  
LIVED DOWN  
DAN, SQUASHHEAD!



OUCH WOE, MISTER RUTHERFORD,  
THIS GAO MONTAGUE... JUST  
KNOCKED YOUR SONGBIRD FROM  
SINGIN' TOO LOUD!

ALL RIGHT, SWEETIE!  
WE'LL LOOK THEM  
UP SOON.

WHAT? THIS LETTER?  
IT'S ADDRESSED TO ME?



A LETTER TO YOU,  
MOM? HOW LONG  
IT WAS IN PULASKI  
POCKET?

I DON'T KNOW!  
HE MUST HAVE  
STOLEN IT! IT'S  
WRITTEN BY  
JOHNNY WILSON,  
TO HIS SCHOOL  
FRIENDS IN  
THE EAST!

MISS DORR  
SAYA HOGGERT  
BY NAME!  
SHE WAS NEVER  
HERE!

IT'S THE FOLLOW-UP TO THE TELEGRAM  
THAT JOHNNY SENT A MONTH AGO...  
HE WARNS THAT HE WON'T  
COME HOME BECAUSE ALL  
BUT HIM IS KILLED  
OUT OF MY OLD CITY  
OR ENSHADEAD...  
LIKE DAD!



IT'S POSTMARKED... WHICH  
MEANS PULASKI STOLE IT  
FROM THE U.S.  
MAIL!

THE MAN WHO  
TAKES THE MAIL  
FROM THE POSTOFFICE  
TO THE TRAIN IS ONE  
OF PULASKI'S MEN,  
MR. GALT!

WELL, HONEY, LOOK UP JOHNNY  
WILSON AND GET OUTA TOWN!  
JOHNNY WAS GOIN' TO SEND  
YOU ANOTHERIE THING TODAY...



JOHNNY IS WAITING AT THE END OF THE  
ALLIED BEHIND THE JAIL WITH HOBBS  
FOR ME! HE CAME TO THE RESTAURANT  
AN HOUR AGO AND WE SHOT UP  
THIS JAIL BREAK!



WE GOT A LITTLE  
TIME LEFT OVER!  
PULASKI'S GONE  
VONCE AGAIN  
SHOOTIN' HUNTER  
FOR HIS MONEY  
YET!



"ROSE HOWARD YOU DIDN'T GO TOOKIN'  
BUT I WAS WORRIED SICK..."

"PUTNAM AND  
WHEELER ARE  
LOCKED IN THIS  
CELL!"

"ROSE PLEASE TAKE  
TOMORROW'S TRAIN OUTA  
TENNESSEE IT'S DUE  
IN TEN MINUTES!"

"HOLY COW! I'M NOT  
GETTING THE  
CROSS-SIG TILL I  
FIND OUT WHAT  
HAPPENED TO GAB!"

"DAD! 'Crosses'! Rose you don't  
mean you... you're SAM WHEELER'S  
DAUGHTER!"

"GAB, WHERE ARE DAUGHTERS,  
JOHNNY? I HAD HER DADS  
FROM THEM TEN YEARS AGO...  
WHEN SHE WAS A LITTLE GIRL.  
BAUBLED, FOOLED..."

"THATLL DO!  
NOW ILL GIVE  
YOURE SECRET  
AWAY. GOTTED  
SHATTERED  
MUSICAL  
SINE AUTRY!"

"LISTEN' MY BABY  
WE'RE SONG VON  
CALLIN' RODGE,  
PUTNAM OUTDOOR  
DASHIN', AN'  
THAN ME, YER  
HIGHLIGHT!"

"DO YOU  
KNOW  
DE A  
HIGH-OUT,  
JOHNNY?"

"ALSO-KNIGHT AN'  
OLD-LINE CAMP  
BY BACKBROOK,  
BUTTER-BROWN?  
BUT PROBABLY,  
MY PALS DONTS HAVE  
NOSE IN IT TWO-YEARS."

"BY JESUS ONE OLD  
LINE CAMP! I DAB  
WALLS BURN  
STONE AND A  
GARRET CHIT REBEL;  
ALL IT NEEDS  
IS BROWN CURTAINS  
AND IT GAVE A  
WOMAN IN  
WEDDING!"

"WELL, YONTER  
DISBELIEVE  
WHAT'S HERE  
WITHOUT QUITTING  
ME! HA!"

TWO HOURS LATER THEY REACH THE BUTTES...



WE GOTTER  
ROLL BACK  
AN' LEAVE.  
RODE HERE  
WITH THESE  
MORSES!

IT MIGHT BE THAT  
GUTHRIE'S GANG MADE  
A HOLE IN THE BLADE.  
DELL HAS GOT A LOT OF  
BROKEN GEARS IN  
THE TRAIL.





BUTNAM AND HIS MEN CHEREAUAT AT THE CABIN...

YOU MEN WAIT OUTSIDE  
TILL I FINISH WITH HODER!  
I CAN'T WASTE ANYMORE  
TIME ON THAT OLD BOY!

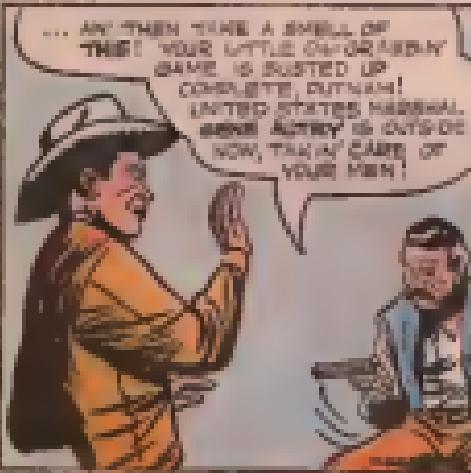


WELL, IF YOU THINK  
THAT DRIES UP  
YOUR MARCH  
WE'RE, YOU KNOW IT!

THERE SHE LAYS.  
YOU SHOULDN'T TAKE  
A LOOK AT IT ...



... AN' THEN TAKE A SWELL OF  
THESE! YOUR LITTLE GUN-SLINGIN'  
GAME IS BUSTED UP  
COMPLETELY, BUTNAM!  
UNITED STATES MARSHAL  
GENE ALSTON IS OUTSIDE  
NOW, TAKIN' CARE OF  
YOUR MEN!



YOU CAN'T ARREST  
ME WITHOUT A  
WITNESS, ALSTON!  
YOU'VE GOT NO  
PROOF!

I'VE GOT A LETTER  
YOU STOLE FROM  
THE U.S. MAIL.  
BUTNAM AND  
OTHER EVIDENCE  
ENOUGH TO CUT  
YOU DOWN FOR A  
LONG STRETCH!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

THE CRIMSONS ARE  
ALL SAFE IN JAIL, MISTER  
WOODIE... AND UN... HE  
ASKED ROSE TO MARRY  
ME, WITH YOUR  
PERMISSION...

GLAD TO HEAR  
IT, WOODIE! I  
DIDN'T  
THINK YOU  
WERE GOING  
TO STAY  
ON YOUR LAND,  
TOO. IT LOOKS  
LIKE HELL  
KEDER IT  
IN THIS  
FAMILY!

WELL, WHEW-YEAH!  
DON'T YOU DARE STAY  
FOR DAWNTIDE IN KET?

CAN'T DO IT,  
WOODY! GOTTA  
TAKE THE  
CRIMSONS IN  
TO THE BIG CITY!  
SLOWLY!

